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THE SIXTEENTH ODE OF THE *THIRD BOOK* OF HORACE IMITATED.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

Q. Horatius Flaccus (2.)

THE

SIXTEENTH ODE

OF THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

With a DEDICATION to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the LORD N---h.

Printed for J. ALMON, in PICCADILLY; J. BEW, in PATERNOSTER-ROW, and J. SEWELL, in CORNHILL.

M.DCC.LXXVII.

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TO THE

Right Honourable the Lord N----.

My Lord,

THE moſt general and prevailing motive with Authors, to dedicate their works to perſons of your Lordſhip's diſtinguiſh'd rank and eminence, is ſelf-intereſt; it promotes the ſale of their work, and gives them conſequence in the eye of the Public. The price indeed they pay for it is great, as truth is ſacrificed to adulation. Yet I flatter myſelf, neither you, my Lord, nor the Public, will wrong me with that accuſation. No one deteſts adulation more than I, or ſtands

in leſs need of it than your Lordſhip; and what will equally acquit me, my fame as an Author is eſtabliſhed on too ſolid and permanent a foundation for me to court ſuch humiliating aſſiſtance. I am proud to declare, that my motive for addreſſing the following Imitation of Horace to your Lordſhip, is a diſintereſted one, and will reflect honour on us both: for gold, that bewitching idol, at whoſe ſhrine both Miniſtry and Oppoſition bow down and worſhip, being the ſubject of the Ode; to whom could it have been ſo happily addreſſed, as the firſt L--- of the T------y, and the moſt able financeer in Europe? yet what weigh'd ſtill more powerfully with me, was an ardent deſire to acquaint the World how highly I

venerate

venerate your Lordſhip's principles; and to congratulate your Lordſhip (which I do moſt ſincerely) on being grown under the tuition of the Scotch and Bedford Junto, as orthodox a Tory as the K---, the A--- B----p of Y--k, and myſelf.

I have the honour to be, with the moſt profound reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted,

And moſt obedient Servant,

London,
2d. June, 1777.

S----l J-----n.

INcluſam Danaën turris ahenea,
Robuſtæque fores, et vigilum canum
Triſtes excubiæ munierant ſatìs
Nocturnis ab adulteris :

Si non Acriſium virginis abditæ
Cuſtodem pavidum Jupiter et Venus

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ACRISIUS, grown exceeding jealous,
That Danae was fond of Fellows,
In a high tower of braſs immured her,
And fondly hoped he had ſecured her,
As every door was ſtrongly barr'd,
And *Mungo* bark'd about the yard.

But Jove, enamour'd of the fair,
Laugh'd at her father's anxious care,

Riſiſſent: fore enim tutum iter et patens
Converſo in pretium Deo.

Aurum per medios ire ſatellites,

Et perrumpere amat ſaxa, potentiùs
Ictu fulmineo.

Concidit auguris
Argivi domus ob lucrum,
Demerſa exitio.

And in a golden ſhower deſcending,
(Venus his amorous ſuit befriending)
Dropt through the ceiling on her bed,
And eaſed her of her maidenhead.

Heroes take bribes, and thirſt for gain
Oft lengthens many a long campaign;
And tho' the gallant Marlbro' fought
With glory, *'twas to ſave a groat!*

Equal to every great deſign,
Like powder, gold can ſpring a Mine.
C------e, a banker and director,
Jobb'd in the ſtocks, and turn'd projector;
And could not, for the times were dear,
Live on eight thouſand pounds a year.
But ſoon his avaricious ſchemes
His fortune and his fame undoing,
He wak'd from fancy's golden dreams,
To bankruptcy, diſgrace and ruin.

Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo,
et ſubruit æmulos
Reges muneribus:

Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.

Creſcentem ſequitur cura pecuniam,
Majorúmque fames.

Lewis did much by force of arms,
But more by gold's ſeducing charms;
And *Charles*, who might proud France have ſhewn
The power of England's rival throne;
To pay his whores e'en Dunkirk gave,
And ſunk into a venal ſlave.

* *Wallis*, whoſe ſails have been unfurl'd,
In all the ſeas that waſh the world,
Though rocks and tempeſts he deſpiſes,
Prefers thoſe ſeas that ſwarm with prizes.

The more we hoard, the more we ſigh,
To graſp more thouſands ere we die:
Though nought attends each year's encreaſe,
But care, that robs us of our peace.

This bids me bleſs my happier fate,
That free from Pomp's incumb'ring ſtate,

* Captain *W.* is now on the American ſtation.

Jure perhorrui
Latè conſpicuum tollere verticem,
Mæcenas equitum decus.

Quanto quiſque ſibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret.

Nil cupientium
Nudus *caſtra peto; et transfuga divitum*
Partes linquere geſtio:

Contemptæ dominus ſplendidior rei,
Quàm ſi, quidquid arat impiger Appulus,
Occultare meis dicerer horreis,

With calm content I paſs my hours,
In ſweet retirement's humble bow'rs:
Nor wou'd I for your Lordſhip's Garter
My happineſs and comfort barter,
Or lift like you my head on high,
Leſt it ſhou'd riſe too near the ſky!

He who ne'er aſks is ne'er deny'd,
Nor diſappointment feels from pride.
'Tis true, a penſion's my ſupport,
Yet I have never fawn'd at Court:
But left dull Lords, and purſe-proud Cits,
To talk and domineer with Wits,
And dine with Authors whom I doat on,
Tho' they, poor Devils, *have ſcarce a coat on.*

Happy in this, that tho' the Great
Deſpiſe me for my ſmall eſtate;
I in return as little care
For all the wealth of *Bedford's Heir.*

Nor

Magnas inter opes inops.

Puræ rivus aquæ,

silváque jugerum

Paucorum,

et segetis certa fides meæ,

Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ

Fallit sorte beatior.

Nor wou'd I M----n's lands inherit,
To be like him *ſo poor in ſpirit!*

When tired with London, I repair
To my ſnug Villa for the air,
And thro' my newly planted Grove,
Though *hating exerciſe*, I rove;
Or near a cool meandering rill
I ſit, and view the diſtant hill;
Till welcome both to ſaint and ſinner,
The chearful bell *rings in* to Dinner.

But here perhaps the Critics cry,
Where *Doctor* does your Villa lie?
At *Streatham*, it belongs to *T----e*,
A worthy man, *who brews good Ale*;
And is not jealous, tho' I ſpeak
To his fair learned Wife in Greek.
A Villa on ſuch terms as theſe
Pembroke and *Temple* might not pleaſe;

Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ
Fallit ſorte beatior.

Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læſtrygoniâ Bacchus in amphorâ
Langueſcit mihi,

nec pinguia Gallicis
Crescunt vellera paſcuis;
Importuna tamen pauperies abeſt:

Nec, ſi plura velim,

tu dare deneges.

Yet all my hours more ſweetly flow
Than theirs at *Wilton* and at *Stow*.

Tho' I've no Cellars that contain
The coſtly Wines of France and Spain;
Nor Ice-houſe on a ſhady ſpot
To cool them, when the weather's hot;
Nor Horſes for the chace, nor Hounds,
Nor Plate that coſt *Ten Thouſand Pounds*;
Nor ſpacious Park ſupply'd with Deer,
To give me Ven'ſon all the year:
Yet when I dine at home, a joint
Of Mutton, and of Port a Pint,
Are no uncomfortable things,
And may be eat and drank by Kings.
And if I wanted to ſecure
A *ſtock of tea* to laſt the winter,
As Authors ſometimes will be poor,
Cadell to lend the caſh wou'd venture.

A *Pamphlet*

Contractâ meliùs parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam,

Quàm si Mygdoniis regnum Alyatteï
Campis continuem.

A *Pamphlet* fill'd with trump'd-up ſtories,
To damn the Whigs and praiſe the Tories,
In all my Pomp of *Language* dreſt,
Would pay the debt with intereſt.

Yet as *I cauſe no Tradeſman's tears*
For Six long quarters in Arrears;
And have no Nurſes, in hot weather,
That ſcold, becauſe they pig together;
But pay my *Taxes* with my penſion;
I will not torture my invention:
Nor tell again a grumbling Nation,
That Tyranny is not Taxation.

Since then myſelf my wants ſupply,
Is *G----e* the Third more bleſs'd than I?
Tho' he o'er many a Kingdom reigns;
And *added to his vaſt domains*,
E'en F——d's Iſle, by Spain reſtor'd,
Still owns him for her Sov'reign Lord!

Multa petentibus

Desunt multa.

Bene est cui Deus obtulit

Parcâ quod satis est manu.

For though his *C*-----*s* much have granted,
He ſtill will feel that much is wanted:
And what is worſe with bullying air,
Sir Brazen tells him from the *C*---*r*,
Juſt as one wou'd a Boy at School,
"*Don't ſpend your money like a fool!*"
Whilſt I, to whom indulgent Heav'n
A kind ſufficiency has giv'n,
Think Wealth a Plague, and Pomp a Farce;
And bid the *Sp*---*r* kiſs my - - - - —

FINIS.

FINIS.